



Public Enemy Lyrics

"Run Till It's Dark"

Bomb drop designed as
A warning shot
Listen
Cause some of us don't check statistics
Kick it
40 or so so million blacks in america
How can 13.5% of the population be scaring ya
88% of us cities are black
95% of america's suburbs are white
But 10% of blacks are 50% white
But post racial politics
Tricks and lessens the fight
Education economics enforcement of law
The gaps the ratio even
Worse than before obama baby
The truth is america
Will show you the door,

Survey says
Run till it's dark

Truth hurts
Makes me curse in this fight the power church
Stole history from everybody
Sellin lies at the tea party
Shame
Survey says peeps fed up with the feds
40 acres to 40 yards to 40 feet
Might as well be sleep
Down laid out 6 feet....
Deep respect
Not yet
You gotta give it to get
Survey says
You gotta learn to earn way beyond your check
Lovable as huggin a bull
That's some bull
Niggativity
Gotta lotta pull
What's the use
If you tie the noose
And love the abuse?
Hanging yourself while you loving the loot
DJ lord knock it
Outta the park

Survey says

Run till its dark

Public Enemy Lyrics

"Get Up Stand Up"

(feat. Brother Ali)

[Chuck D]

This song don't give a damn
If the rhymes don't fit
Beat don't bounce
If the dj quit
This song
Don't give a damn
If you can't sing to dance to it
Can't romance to it
This song ain't arrogant
If you don't try it
Buy it
If your radio deny it
Don't care bout what who got
What's cool on tv
Or what spots hot I forgot
I ain't mad at evolution
But I stand for revolution
Enough is enough
Somebody stand up

Get up, stand up,
Get up, stand up

[Brother Ali]

This track ain't asking you a damn thing
Not the brand name bottle with your champagne
Not where you land your private airplane
How many blood diamonds shining in that chain?
How much compromise is tied to that fame?
How many more times we gotta hear that lame
Line I'm inspiring them
To do what? roll better weed and get higher than them?
Feed the needy greedy ass fire in them?
Be the same damn dog but to finer women?
They gonna tell me that I'm preaching to the choir than I'm
Sure they right but I'm trying to light a fire in them
Cause I was raised by the enemy
And ever since then thats been my identity
So I'm trying to give back whats was given me
Truth told delivery is my tendency
Youth fold to the spirit of my energy
Bottom of my feet is something that you'll never see
Thats cause I'm standing singing the anthem
Fist on my hand, and a list of demands and
When they hear this might piss in their pants and

Try to get the children to not listen to the man
But the mighty pe is what birthed ali
So what you gonna think come after me?
Chuck d

Get up, stand up

[Chuck D]

Occupy if you denied
Protest songs cause I see wrong
Most of my heroes still don't appear on no stamp
So I rant even when they say I can't
[pause]
I rise against
Rage against
Hope I don't end up being the same thing I'm fighting against
Hence
I wince never on the fence
Since they think the masses powerless
Ain't on no power list
I ball my fist w my audience
Like this

Get up, stand up,
Get up, stand up

[Chuck D]

Got so much to shout about
What the 1% is gettin out
Recession depression desperation due
Never have so many been screwed by so few
Cheapest price is to pay attention
No need to dumb down to what I mention
No need to young down how I mention
In spanish portuguese english french and
No satisfaction
Listen to the world reaction
Americas still black and white
Like an old tv set
What we gonna do about it?
Laugh sit back forget & quit?
I get racial
Just talkin about the ratio
People are no longer patient
Now the brown they don't want around
Thats why sammy got that facial
My wife says its spacial
Politics that stick way beyond baseball
I think its self hateful
Anti immigration
Disgraceful

Get up, stand up,

Public Enemy Lyrics

"Most Of My Heroes Still..."

(feat. Z-Trip)

[Chuck D]

You may never heard it
I be spittin on the senior circuit
After splittin from the major circus
Check how I re word this
Duckin young tigers shittin the woods

[Flavor Flav]

Some cats be up to no good

[Chuck D]

I'm jack niggerless to my hood
I'm from the velt
Roosevelt
You know whats wild
I never felt like some motherless
Or fatherless child

[Flavor Flav]

So I grew up to change the style

[Chuck D]

I don't care what that company spent
Its inevitable
They cant prevent the event
Through it all
I tell em all to stand tall
If I fall
Just add another face to the wall
After all
These are the faces
That they wont show

[Flavor Flav]

Cause these are the names they don't want you to know

Yes we can they say no we cant
Most of my heroes still don't appear on no stamp

Most of my heroes still don't appear on no stamp
Most of my heroes still don't appear on no stamp
Most of my heroes still don't appear on no stamp

[Professor Griff]

From the pin, of the mind, of the minista
Those oppose, and the s 1's will see ya

All praises are due, don't forget this
On the grind, now dig this.

Most of my heroes still don't appear on no stamp
Most of my heroes still don't appear on no stamp
Most of my heroes still don't appear on no stamp

[Flavor Flav]
No envy in me
Rip c delores tucker
Salute cynthia mckinney
And the crowd goes whoa

[Chuck D]
To some of my heroes
Be most of yalls foes
So I stay on my toes
Belafontes to bikos
Some dying incognegro
Che chavez and castros

[Flavor Flav]
You don't know how it goes

Most of my heroes still don't appear on no stamp
Most of my heroes still don't appear on no stamp
Most of my heroes still don't appear on no stamp

[Flavor Flav]
Public enemy we back on the map yeah yeah cmon

[Chuck D]
Say who what be starin at me
Expect me
Prince the first lady and muhammad ali

[Flavor Flav]
Huey p newton, h rap brown, marcus garvey, angela davis
Don't get no plain cramp, my heroes still ain't got no stamp'
Kick that sht g

Most of my heroes still don't appear on no stamp
Most of my heroes still don't appear on no stamp
Most of my heroes still don't appear on no stamp
Most of my heroes still don't appear on no stamp

Public Enemy Lyrics

"I Shall Not Be Moved"

Say what you oughta
World outta order
Paid the cost father time ain't never lost
The boss
Yall ain't heard it
I work it
The senior circuit
See some quit it
Cuz they don't get it
Fire music
My aim is
Forget what my name is
Yeah I ain't famous to be famous
Remember troy davis
Beware
Clive davis
Swarming to your art form
Cuz there's a party goin on
Hotel motel I'm goin in
Don't care what they spent
Cant prevent the event
Some run to it
Shun from it
Been through it
Still rock to it
I sue I've been sued dude
With this news fit to spit
And the beat goes on

[Break]

Never bitter but better
Backed by the fact
All I got is my word
The new curse word is black
Say the test
Is being at your best
The curse
Is livin at your worst
Crawling like a maggot outta they mind
Faster than a go go 45
Shit is live, survive
High with out a gottdamn reason why basketball wives
Ain't really wives
Birds droppin out ff the sky
And yall google why?

[Chorus]

I shall not be moved

[Bridge]

Feel the people

Heal the people

Need the people

So heed the people

Help the homeless

Underfed

Revolution

Stop the feds

Leavin people

Left for dead

Wheres your groove?

Check your heads

I shall not not be moved

I shall not be moved

Uh come on.

Drive by trucker I play it loud motherfucker

Use it don't abuse it the voice gets rougher

Shout my vocals I salute all the locals

Slept on kept them out of radio focus

Hocus pocus spooks sitting by the sound

Corporations dictate what goin down

Local acts I got your back

Underground make em run till its dark

Run em out of town

They got me started where I start?

Cause I do it to support the art

What good is learnin from some record

When yall only listen to 15 seconds?

Public Enemy Lyrics

"Get It In"

(feat. Bumpy Knuckles)

My pens the ride
On the pad the road
Yall must've known
This is the way
I unwind and unload
Over beats overload
Mind explodes
Stress in this depression
New ghosts of tom joad
New dust bowl blues
Back to fake jewels
So I drop jewels
To inform the fooled
Clock tickin 3 songs a day
Like its food
Carry on
I am that ramblin man dude
Updated
I was born
To deliver car songs
D still drives a caddy
I'll mess with a ford
Now songs are blood
And songs are swords
Everybody should be able to afford
Home food and a job to work
We the people gettin robbed by these corporate jerks
I wonder how they sleep at night
When the people hitch hiking the turnpike
Yall know that ain't right
So I gotta get it in tonight
Gotta
Get it in tonight

[Bumpy Knuckles bridge hook]

Bump knucks in the house
And I came to (get it in)
Rock rock with the best of the best
And I'm get it in
Touch mics I a beast when I (get it in) (get it in)
Yeah word throw your hands up
When theres war for the cause
Of course I gotta (get it in)
On the blaze on the mic (get it in)
You know I gotta (get it in)
When pe calls I fight so watch me

(get it in)
Yo, lets rock, word

[Bumpy Knuckles]

I always wanted to be an s1
March my dance steps and carry two guns
Cause I a rider for the strong island
Wilin stylin 98 crew retirin salute
For the culture ill shoot
Ha, boom bap at you
I'm nice chuck bars go too
We embargo too
We prohibit wack rappers to move
Ha, or we'll stomp on you
Throw your hands up five fingers
Close your fist
Then repeat after me and it goes like this
Cmon (get it in) word the rhymes are sick
This info in flow wherever it ends up
Copyright law that will leave you a
Sloppy right jaw
Hard as I work to write more
So flavor flav if you're ready to win
Why don't cha
Get on the mic and (get it in) (get it in)

[Flavor Flav]

In order to reach status like us you gotta
(get it in)
Public enemy number one baby yo we
(get it in)
Chuck d is the hard rhymer yo because he
(get it in)
Flavor flav he
(get it in)
Riding on the block you gotta
(get it in)
In the bronx we rock the block you gotta
(get it in)
Nassau county on the rock you gotta
(get it in)
When you got to do your time you gotta
(get it in)
In rikers c-76 I had to
(get it in)
On the streets in a fight I had to
(get it in)
Running from the cops I had to
(get it in)
I was fighting with my girl I had to
(get it in)
It was me against the world I gotta
(get it in)

I'm in a high speed chase I gotta
(get it in)

I got the cops on my case I gotta
(get it in)

I got the irs all after me yo I gotta
(get it in)

I got the feds after me yo I gotta
(get it in)

I got my girl after me yo I gotta
(get it in)

When the boys is after you yo better
(get it in)

If you in a gang fight yo you better
(get it in)

When you go to jail you got no choice but to
(get it in)

If he bend you over you know he gonna
(get it in)

(get it in)

(get it in)

Public Enemy Lyrics

"Hoovermusic"

[Chorus]

You got the mic
People
So called street cred
The radio
The tv
The world wide web
But we cant do nothing with what you said
Sounds like somebodys in bed wit the feds
Hoovermusic

How you gonna make music
When you take music
And abuse it make my crew sick
So nobody else can use it
More than just some
Non singin
Drug slingin
Hollywood swingin
Fling
Sing
Is it rating or raping
No more taping
But somebody is still regulating
These love to hate songs
Yall know thats wrong
Anything for the money
Tough guy
Bet, mtv pic
The mic the pig
Honesty
This policy
Be killin me
Good for who
Good for what
Is your mind body soul
Is it better from it
Tell me why do yall love it?
Songs meant to send you to prison
Bids to influence a million and half kids

[Chorus]

You got the mic
People
So called street cred
The radio
The tv

The world wide web
But we cant do nothing with what you said
Sounds like somebodys in bed wit the feds

Monstars lurking the planet fame
1 hand in your pocket
1 hand in your brain
Sucking your soul like a video game
I don't even understand what the f you sayin
Whos consumin the boom
As they vaccuum your room
Shake your boom boom
They finance your doom
You think its romance
Just because you dance
That black exec you know he didn't stand a chance
Trapped in the middle of what you be doin
Increased market position
Down to what and how you listenin
Came in this game
Never thought that id ever
Seehiphop
The game in the name of jedgar

[Chorus]

You got the mic
People
So called street cred
The radio
The tv
The world wide web
But we cant do nothing with what you said
Sounds like somebodys in bed wit the feds
Hoovermusic

From cats told crap
Young rappers gettin trapped.
Buying the same of trick
On some of the same ol tracks
The rich stackin chips
Poor banging with new slang
In the ghost and the shadow of your government name
Made in the usa
Fighting the power in brooklyn
To grinnin in juicin while crooked
Say you don't know me
Or owe me or us
My disgust
Interrupting my black august
I fuss
Cause these white kids confusing the worst of us
Can it be a lil bit more
Than sex and drinks songs

Fight clubs gettin they strip on
Gangs of kids
Who copy what they did
Both coasts are clear
Some people got no idea
Who sent em here

[Chorus]

You got the mic
People
So called street cred
The radio
The tv
The world wide web
But we cant do nothing with what you said
Sounds like somebodys in bed wit the feds
Hoovermusic

Public Enemy Lyrics

"Catch The Thrown"

(feat. Large Professor & Cormega)

What you reap is what you sow
And what you keep is what you owe
And what the people want to know
Is whose gonna catch the thrown?

And what you got is what they want
And what they see they say they need
And people bleeding from the greed
Now whose gonna catch the thrown?

[Chuck D]

Thrown at
Thrown under
Thrown to the side
Throwin up disgusted
So were throwin down
Thrown under the bus draggin on the
Ground
Power to the people salute the underground
Against those standing
In mansions
Spittin at us from up that higher ground
Feed the people
Fight the power
Fix the poor
But that 1% done shut the door
In god we trust on money
Is a slap in the face
To the rest of the whole human race
Post racial wealth and taste
Change a name
But you cant change race in the united states
People say they kings
Plus say they're queens
If we all don't eat
What does it all mean?
We watch and listen
But I'll leave it alone
But who's gonna catch the thrown?

What you reap is what you sow
And what you keep is what you owe
And what the people want to know
Is whose gonna catch the thrown?

And what you got is what they want

And what they see they say they need
And people bleeding from the greed
Now whose gonna catch the thrown?

[Chuck D]

Divide and conquer
Oldest trick in the game
War between people who are really the same
As the rich get richer
The poor get bitchin
The people keep kissin
The feds don't listen
This recession seen a black depression
In a nation headed for desperation
No quarterback and sacked on a couch
Sound of black america is ouch
Governments don't love you
When prisons and executions
End up looking like some final solutions
Murder is an institution
Backed up and hacked up
By some handwritten constitution
Do what you do
Buddist christian hindu muslim & hebrew
You are what you do
I be seein human beings as stew
Yet never have so many been screwed by so few
We watch the kings&queens
And what they own
But
Who's gonna catch the thrown?

[Cormega]

The system is designed to incriminate
Genocide was devolved to eliminate
Equality is a myth
They had me in jail for a crime I didn't even commit
A stereotype
They feel every color is inferior right
Brothers who resist are considered a threat
From sitting bull to malcolm x
In the land of the free and suspect elections
John kennedy had the mob connections
President reagan sold guns to iraq
Yet they try to say that criminals are all black
Whats up with these corrupt politicians
And drugs they be shipping
But they never go to prison
This fucked up system better never try to bag me
Fuck zimmerman, guilty
Clearly

[Bridge]

Catch the thrown, you got to testify
Is that the 1% that you need says that you occupy
Catch the thrown I got ta testify
Is that the 1% that yall want says that you occupy

[Chuck D]

Free the mind prisoners
They ain't listening
F the popo
But who dat whistling?
Foes making a killing
Juxtaposed against those getting a livin
Gimme shelter cause these issues be official
Is the need to feed
Replaced by the greed?
I ain't trying to yell at you
Sell to you
Some bs they already told to you
Ended up being sold to you
Did I mention?
Cheapest price is to pay attention
Now the test is just being at your best
With that you can
Hold your own
But who's gonna catch the thrown?

Public Enemy Lyrics

"RLTK"

(feat. DMC)

[Chuck D]

5-1 not 5-0

Ima b52

Bomb drop non stop spitting on you

Never have so many

Been screwed by so few

Call to save y'all

So whatcho wanna do?

At the age I'm at now if I can't teach

I shouldn't even open my mouth to speak

Real talk raising strong down from the weak

Chuck d got tea party beef

Why represent where you cant sleep?

40 aches jackass is six feet deep

Lost in the same space y'all call the streets

I walk real talk across these beats

At the age I am now

If I can't teach

I should even open my mouth to speak

I bomb drop on those that be makin y'all weak

24hours 7 days a week

[DMC]

I be the king from the streets of hollis queens new york

The only thing you get from dmc is real talk

The cow makes beef and the pig makes pork

I gotta walk this way 'cause it's the way I walk

From the halls in the hood to the halls of fame

I got that east coast flavor and that west coast game

I jam with jackal and jesse james

You gotta call me the king when you say my name

[Chorus - DMC]

I go hard for the people in the streets (real talk)

The king of the rhymes and the beats (real talk)

Adidas is the sneakers on my feet (real talk)

And it's the children in the streets we gotta reach (real talk)

I rock on real talk

The way the side walks

Whats up with the radio inside new york

Underneath them streets

Man made concrete

Is mother earth

And gods work

This ain't new
Cause y'all ain't never knew
No tears tell your peers inform your crew
Cause truth is truth
No matter what I think
I take out garbage
When it tends to stink
No joke no smoke
I don't drink
Mrchuck d
Tweet me so we can link
See I been your age
You ain't been mine
Feels like I was born a second time this rhyme I wrote
Took a long ass time
Leave that wackness way behind

At the age I am now
If I can't teach
I should even open my mouth to speak
I bomb drop on those that be makin y'all weak
24hours 7 days a week

[DMC]

I be the good crowd rocker, the best mc
I be the world's greatest rapper if you want me to be
But all that crap means nothing to me
If I can't give 'em vision and something to see
It's more powerful than your politics
All you stupid politicians can suck a thumb
Me and chuck d we do not run
Like my man said a change is gonna come
So don't be stupid don't be so dumb
There are no cuss words for y'all to beep
But I am cursing out the leaders that are still asleep
And all you wack-ass rappers, your talk is cheap
See my talk is really real 'cause my voice is deep
Now I used to rock rhymes with the reverend
From run dmc there's nothing better than...
The microphone killin', head severin'
And if you're sick of wack rappin' I'm the medicine.

Noise of my voice
Voice of the voiceless
Against the
Racist
Classist
Homophobic
Sexist,
Xenophobic
That sits
So deep
Within us

Can't get help
From those
Famous just to be famous
The powers that be separate us and hate us
When you need em
They go on hiatus
They hate us
It don't matter
They cant mistake us
For somebody else
They tried to break us
No need to dumb down or even young down
Cause my standards
Is high
They cant understand it
Some of them cant stand it
They cant understand it
Songwriter yall know it
More than a poet
Living life not lies
So the people can know it

At the age I am now
If I can't teach
I should even open my mouth to speak
I bomb drop on those that be makin y'all weak
24 hours 7 days a week

Public Enemy Lyrics

"Truth Decay"

[Chorus]

Truth decay brush up on your facts.
All you gotta do is check them stats
But what sense is a census
When they just miss us
But enlist us to fight for their justice
Truth decay brush up on your facts.
All you gotta do is check them stats
But what sense is a census
When they just miss us
But enlist us to fight for their justice

[Chuck D]

Truth is truth
No matter what I think
Knowledge is power
But it ain't
If you cant occupy your own body & mind
See thru the blind
In this place full a lies
Television tellin lies
To your vision and face
Seems like more of us in prison
Than the workplace
Gettin gadgets
So it's easy to forget
Economics
No money
Not a damn thing funny
Some diggin every minute of it
I'm hatin every second of it
Driven
Ever since I heard the lie about thanksgiving
While in still thankful through all that fibbin
The truth dies while lies make a living
History games
Playing stealing family names
Slave names turned into government names
Name of the game is to hide that game
And them lies living on with no shame ..no lie

[Chorus]

Truth decay brush up on your facts.
All you gotta do is check them stats
But what sense is a census
When they just miss us
But enlist us to fight for their justice

Truth decay brush up on your facts.
All you gotta do is check them stats
But what sense is a census
When they just dismiss us
But enlist us to grow and pick their stuff

[Chuck D]

Truth is truth
No matter what I think
I ain't drunk
Cause I don't drink
Don't smoke
Or
Laugh at the facts like stupid ass jokes
Or get lost in my own sauce, I check the source
I challenge information
Trace it to the boss
Refuse to accept the truth
When it be be lost
Lies in the key of new songs
You think it's old news
How come the young don't know
It ain't new because you never knew
I tell them, it's only new to you
Opinion is what it is and its up to you
The challenge information
To see if it's true
Never have so many been screwed by so few
You heard I'm using it for this song too
Damn crooks
Ask a question get some stupid ass looks
Truth don't sell a lotta records or books
To hell with rapes to murder rates
To lyin on a mixtapes
I want the truth

[Chorus]

Truth decay brush up on your facts.
All you gotta do is check them stats
But what sense is a census
When they just miss us
But enlist us to fight for their justice
Truth decay brush up on your facts.
All you gotta do is check them stats
But what sense is a census
When they forget us
We were here first
The term indigenous

Public Enemy Lyrics

"Fassfood"

[Flavor Flav]

In the bronx we got to go to cuchi frito
Rice and beans penim and some coquito

[Chuck D]

I eat she eat
She eat he eat
Lookout I spit
On the heat
Of these beats
So we speak
Corporate suits
Company seats
Fooled like fast food
Like artificial beef
Yall know I got
I got no beef
Listen to the words of this song
Between my teeth
Wiki leaks
Sitcom
Y'all know I can't sit calm
Yo sha mello where's vietnam
Atomic bomb
Nuked

I eat you eat
You eat I eat
But dude don't get fooled
By this fassfood

[Flavor Flav]

Don't mean to be rude dude
But thats what they call fassfood
This sht is for real
This ain't no fkn interlude

[Chuck D]

I eat she eat
She eat he eat
Lookout I spit
On the heat
Of these beats
You talk about switching
Attitude for this bitchin
The fassfood in this kitchen
Fast forward

Listen
Songs meant yo send you to prison
Increased market position
Short bids to influence a million kids
Headed in
States gettin it in
Lethal murder injection
In the young black produce section
What it all mean?

[Flavor Flav]

From mickey ds to fratista freeze
I'm barbequing birds and I'm eatin the bees
I'm back on track with the restaurant
House of flavor in vegas
Yo, what you want?
I got chicken for ya
Mac and cheese
Collard greens that will knock you
Down to your knees
Don't mean to be rude dude
But thats what they call fassfood
This sht is for real
This ain't no fkn interlude

[Flavor Flav]

Disrespect collect a broken neck
Disrespect collect a broken neck
Disrespect collect a broken neck
Its your funeral you wont get to spend your check

[Chuck D]

Rock some instrumental
Lawyers laughing at us over
A lunch bowl of lentils
They ain't gentle
Punishment is mental
Not coincidental
Charged by a large incidental
Non accidental

I eat she eat
She eat he eat
Lookout I spit
On the heat
Of these beats
You talk about switching
Attitude for this bitchin
The fassfood
In this kitchen
Fast forward
Listen

I eat she eat
She eat he eat
Lookout I spit
On the heat
Of these beats
You talk about switching
Attitude for this bitchin
The fassfood
In this kitchen
Fast forward
Listen

[Flavor Flav]

He went to the bathroom
Didn't even wash his hands
Hes fixing my food dude
That ain't part of the plan
Put the gloves on son
What is you doin?

[Chuck D]

Rock some instrumental
Lawyers laughing at us over
A lunch bowl of lentils
Cause you know they ain't gentle
Punishment is mental
Not coincidental

[Flavor Flav]

Not minding your mf business
Now look what happened to you

[Chuck D]

Dude getting this fassfood
Offa my dental

I eat she eat
She eat he eat
Lookout I spit
On the heat
Of these beats
You talk about switching
Attitude for this bitchin
Fassfood
In this kitchen
Fast forward
Listen

[Flavor Flav]

So watch what you eat
Cause you're in the street
Fassfood fassfood
Can knock you off your feet

So watch what you eat
Cause you're in the street
Fassfood fassfood
Can knock you off your feet

[Chuck D]

I eat she eat
She eat he eat
Lookout I spit
On the heat
Of these beats
So we speak
Corporate suits
Company seats
But dude don't get fooled
By this fassfood

Public Enemy Lyrics

"WTF?"

[Chuck D]

I occupy this state of mind
Like I'm born a second time
The masses ask the question why
Them asses spend a life behind
On the mic the pic
Against this prison industry
Where most of them look just like me
Mf-k the tea party
Made you pay for education
Got no money got you waitin
Tricks to keep the people fooled
Something in the food my dude
About your future where you rank
Who you think and who you thank
Behind the banks and all them tanks
New whirl odor on the brink
Revolution stop the feds
Count the homeless under fed
Sue the pharmaceutical off the meds
Leavin people left for dead
Look back 80 years instead
Simply blamed it on the reds
Pay close attention to what is said
But while you listen watch your heads.
You chase the money you chase the fame
The human race is what they're playing
A game of life is what I'm sayin
Split em up call them names
At the age I am if I can't teach
I shouldn't open my mouth to speak
Talking loud and sayin nothing
And frontin like they doin something
Feel the people
Heal the people
Power goes out
To the people
18-35 is grown
Cant afford to leave the home
Can't afford to buy a home
Can't afford to keep a home
Boarded up foreclosed cribs
Based on whatcha bank did
Yet see these guys advertise to the poor for clothes
The doors are closed
They slam the doors on your nose
Who the hell is telling you

What the hell they selling you
Why the hell do you believe
Where we headed when we leave

WTF?

WTF?

WTF?

[Flavor Flav]

From barack obama to flavor flav
We both be a first till we get to our grave
I'm the first hype man in music
He's the first black president
He's the first black resident
To be ever come president
Free your mind your ass will follow
Flavor flav all the way to the apollo
Freeport li to la
Throw a frito olay off the dock of the bay
You wanna know why a kid goes to school?
And in his book-bag he carries a tool
Because hes trying to be like his idols in the streets
Gang warfare to the raw fare
Don't even try to go up there
Penalties that you cant bear
You lose your sight your ass cant hear
It weighs so much it'll crush your life
Don't play with god he gave you live
The last man standing he hopes to behold
His weight in stature his weight in gold
What goes in your wash comes out in your rinse
Back down so tight that you call it condensed
Cant stand the pressure, cant stand the pain
My life is so dry I wish it would rain
Just like the temptations not just the singing group
I'm here to tell you now so don't ignore the scoop
I been in this rap game for 25 years
If we made the rock and roll hall of fame
We deserve our chairs
To what we fought the power to who stole the soul
Brothers gonna work it out
From the ground we hold
God says to man ima let you live
God says to man ima let you live
God says to man ima give you power
Not for the intent to misuse your power
If you wanna dance you got to play the bands
People die by other hands
The innocent, the ku klux klan
Iraq and iran an afghanistan
They go to war they don't come back
The note comes home killed in attack
All the medals from fort bragg

Collected by a widow along with the flag
41 gun salute 4 jets in the air
Now thats going out of style the
Contribution was fear
What you reap is what you sow
A man got killed for what he know
If you wanna be a -- and get a good wife
Stay the fuck offa skype and don't believe the hype

WTF?

WTF?

WTF?